

# The Bee

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

SIXTH YEAR.

NO. 45.

## ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,  
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,  
342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

R. G. ROUSE, Manager,  
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager,  
Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

A. S. FORD, Manager,  
327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teatonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail **COAL** and **COKE** TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

### PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

St. Bernard Coal Co., of Kentucky, is having a good deal of success with its crushed coke, at Nashville, Tenn.—Coal Trade Journal.

A scientific test, lately made in Berlin, shows to what extent the smoke from a chimney poisons the atmosphere. The soot from the chimney of a large sugar refinery was collected for six days, and it was found to weigh 5,800 pounds.

It is not fair to consider that all shippers are dishonest. On the contrary, few of them are; and we sincerely trust the time is not far distant when the shipper who does not deal fairly and honestly by his trade will be driven from the market and the business.

One of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Australia is a burning mountain 1820 feet in height. The mountain is supposed to be underlain with an inexhaustible coal seam which in some way became ignited. It was burning long before the advent of white men to that part of the country.

Here is a good advertisement for St. Bernard dealers: "We lead in the coal race easily and handsomely. The public will always find in our yards the best coal in this country. We believe in economy. That's why we carry only the best coal. No matter what the article may be, a good thing is always the cheapest, and coal is no exception to the rule."

Says a Cincinnati contemporary: "Blessed is the man with a cellar full of coal, but how much better off are the masses compared with the situation that existed about twenty-five years ago, when the river furnished all the coal the city used, and ninety-five per cent. of it had to come from Pittsburgh. Plenty of people remember the time when it was not uncommon to pay twenty cents a bushel for coal and hard to get it at that. It has been sold for that, and by the large load, too. In those days many manufacturing establishments had to suspend operations during the coal famine if they were not fortunate enough to have had contracts to cover such contingencies. The railroads have been of great service to the city, and the saving in this one particular has been a great blessing."



## COAL.





St. Bernard Coal Company's Coke Works at Earlington.



## COKE.



Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. **THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.**

## CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get **ST. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE** for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

**ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.**

### SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING

As an evidence of the extreme mildness of the weather in the early part of October, one of the London merchants exhibited on the London Coal Exchange, a cluster of fully ripe strawberries, grown in the open garden of Crofton. Berries in various stages of growth, from the downy to the large green fruit, were seen in the same clusters with the perfectly ripe fruit.

An evidence of the advantage of applying the most modern methods to coke production and saving of by-products is afforded by the fact that Germany is about to ship a large quantity of coke to Australia. Heretofore the Australian smelters have obtained all their coke from England. The adoption of improved methods in Germany and the saving of all the products of the coal now enable Germany to compete with England in supplying the latter's colonies.

Several weeks ago the superintendent of a colliery in Blakely, Pa., wanted to see one of his foremen who was working in a distant part of the company's outside works. He called to the first boy he saw and offered him a silver piece to run and tell Mr. — that he was wanted. The little fellow had been stealing coal from the colliery cars, and had a large bag pretty well filled, but looking up into the official's face he innocently said he'd go if the official would "stay there and watch his bag." The agreement was entered into and the superintendent stood guard for fully ten minutes over that bag of coal that had been stolen from himself.

The rain storm which recently broke the long drought on the seaboard and which relieved for the present the necessities of the anthracite region, did not extend west of the Alleghenies, and the Western Pennsylvania coal and coke districts are suffering badly from lack of water. In the Connellsville coke region especially this has been severely felt, and in spite of the active demand for coke, a number of the plants will have to shut down soon if no water is to be had. The drought throughout the East has been the longest felt for many years, and its continuance late into the fall is an occurrence almost unprecedented.

### CANNIBALISM.

Cannibalism in China is more a mode of reprisal and retaliation than a dietetic practice and only a few instances have been recorded. Its recent occurrence in the province of Canton as the result of a feud and conflict between two villages is horrible enough, indeed, but it was a rite of vengeance instead of an impulse of carnal appetite. Notwithstanding the formal moralities of the Confucian and Mencian and Buddhist laws, there is an unlimited amount of savagery latent in the social constitution there ready to break out at any time, its manifestations exhibiting a degree of cruelty and ferocity not surpassed by the old exploits of the North American Indian or the anthropophagi of New-Guinea. Separately and collectively they have the aspect of a mild and placable people, timorous and meek as guinea pigs, and the spectacle of one Chinaman eating another, apart from its revolting aspect, seems absurd. In Formosa, on the other hand, where of late prisoners slain in war have furnished banquets for the beleaguered native, the practice is of old date, and is strictly of a festive and utilitarian character. Except in times of tribal strife and collision they do not eat each other, but the crews of ships cast ashore on their island have been sacrificed and consumed from the earliest times, a custom still prevailing among them, and not considered contrary to public or private policy. Among the swarming population of the Congo basin, according to the testimony of Captain Hinde, who has just read a paper on the subject before the British Association, the practice is general markets for the sale of human victims, to be slain and eaten, as there are for sheep and cattle in other countries.

The truth is, that more cannibalism exists in the world than is generally surmised with a corresponding need of missionary effort and the support in some cases of artillery and small arms. China may be trusted to deal with her own man-eating villagers, and Japan will in no long time extirpate the Formosan anthropophagi. But the problem in Africa involves greater difficulties, embracing, as it does, swarming and innumerable populations throughout the whole equatorial region well high inaccessible to the persuasions or coercions of the outside world. That it will find an ultimate solution admits of no doubt. Nearly the

whole of the vast African continent, comprising about one quarter of all the land on the globe, is now under European control, and it will go hard if the united forces of civilization are not able in time to repress the natural inclination of the equatorial native to consume his fellow-man, notwithstanding that it has been his habitual practice there since the days of the Zidonian Hanno and the Egyptian Pharaohs.—New York Tribune.

"I never heard a young girl say, as young girls are fond of saying, 'I observed an old lady on the summer boarding house piazza, 'what sort of man she will marry, and what sort only, that I do not think of certain speeches to which I, myself, have listened from pretty lips, before this. A school friend of mine so held New Jersey in detestation that she tore its map from her geography. She used to say that nothing would induce her to marry a man who was a widower, or worse a wife or lived in New Jersey. And the man of her choice was guilty of all these three enormities. I used to talk over my future with two cousins. I would not marry a business man, I said. Kate would not think of a clergyman, or Carry of a farmer. And we married respectively, a business man, a clergyman, and a farmer. It is all like a smart young American 'help' in my grandmother's kitchen who was wont to declaim to us children on the scorn in which she held all men, always winding up her denunciation of the sex by: 'No, I wouldn't marry any man that walks on two legs.' And she didn't. She married a one-legged moid."

The United States is producing more gold each day than it did gold and silver last year. The gold developments are immense. The output of California will double. Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, Montana, and Utah all are in line. The developments in Colorado are wonderful. Cripple Creek is making a big output, and some of the ore can be mined for 60 cents per ounce. Old Gilpin County promises to be the greatest gold camp in the world.

**CURIOUS ANSWERS**—The following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut: (1) From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and milkman. (2) The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas. (3) Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito. (4) Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and for-get-me-nots.—Harper's Round Table.

### A Scary Business.

"I'm going to be a mason, Emily," said Mr. Rising; "they're a noble set of fellows."

"Dear me! John, it seems a real kind of scary business to go into," replied Mrs. Rising.

"Oh! that's the way it looks to outsiders; there really isn't so much to it."

"Well, I do think they're awful brave, but I don't know as I ever thought they were noble, John."

"They keep that quiet, too," said Mr. Rising, "but they sit up with each other when they're sick, and are good to the poor and look after the widows and orphans."

"But isn't there a lot of work about it, John?" inquired Mrs. Rising.

"That depends on how high you go, Emily."

"Will you go up very high, John?"

"That depends, Emily, upon circumstances," Mr. Rising answered.

I received a letter from a lad asking me to find him an easy berth. To this I replied: "You can not be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work. Don't study. Don't think. None of these are easy. O my son! You have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."—Becher.

**AN SIN ON A WHEEL.**  
The bicycle craze has reached Chinatown, New York. A riding school has been established in Mott street for the exclusive use of celestial enthusiasts. Quong Wo Chang, a wealthy merchant, is among those who are learning to ride, but he prefers having his tuition out in the street. The other evening a visitor to Mott street heard an unusual chattering and saw several Chinamen out in the street. Chang was trying to learn how to ride his steel horse. He had turned up his nose at the idea of riding in a bicycle school, and was ready to practice with his machine on the street. Two children of the Orient held the safety in position, while four more lifted Chang bodily and placed him tenderly on the seat, all talking at once, and those who had nothing else to do gesticulated wildly. After Chang had been seated, the two men pushed the bicycle along rapidly to get it in motion, and then let go. Chang worked desperately with his feet, his blouse and pigtail flying in the breeze. The steel animal zig-zaged along several feet, and then, as if suddenly remembering something, turned squarely around and collided with a beer keg on the sidewalk. Chang shot over the front wheel. His companions rushed out, hauled Chang out, pulled his clothes out straight and dragged him and his wheel out into the middle of the street again. Once more the daring wheelman was mounted. He sailed away "beautifully" this time, and his friends clapped their hands in delight. He was wearing the end of the stretch, and going with much speed, when the hind wheel of the safety reached up and caught him by the cue. The wheel simply drew the cue into its spokes, and was itself drawn up to Chang's head, so that the celestial shot forward on one wheel and handed up against a wheel. Chang was so badly dislocated that he couldn't walk back home, so two of his friends picked him up and carried him away.—Chicago Chronicle.

### KOSCIUSKO'S HEART.

A few days ago the brief announcement was made that the heart of Kosciusko had been removed from its old resting-place in a private chapel at Veza, near Lugano, and placed in the great Polish museum at Rapperswyll. It was a small item in these days of sensational news, probably noticed by few. Yet it was rich in suggestion of romance and of pathos, both personal and national. There are not many more attractive figures in modern history than that of Thaddeus Kosciusko. There are few people in the world whose later story is more tragic than that of the Poles. They may well be remembered, amid the woes of Armenia and the atrocities in China; a people of rare genius and culture, overborne by a less civilized Power and crushed to the earth by sheer brutality. The nation that adorned the world with the art of a Mickiewicz, a Zaleski, a Chopin, a Modjeska, a Paderewski, is not to be forgotten.

It will be remembered that the militant career of Kosciusko, which opened in our own Revolution, ended at Macejowice. There he was wounded and captured by the Russians, but neither there nor elsewhere did he ever utter the wretched—indeed the infamous—"Finis Poloniae" which De Sefur attributed to him. Years afterward, after he had refused most tempting bribes to renounce the Polish cause and enter the Russian service, he was liberated from prison and went to live in England, in Italy, and in Paris. In Paris he made the acquaintance of the Swiss chargé d'affaires, M. de Zeltner; went home with him to Soletta, and spent the remainder of his life there. After his death his body was buried at Cracow, by the side of that of the illustrious Sobieski. M. de Zeltner, however, in accord with a desire once expressed by Kosciusko, removed the heart from the body, embalmed it, and retained it as a most precious possession. Years later M. de Zeltner's daughter, at whose christening Kosciusko had stood as her godfather, was married to a member of the noble Morosini family, and received the heart from her father as a wedding gift. The unique relic has now been deposited in what will doubtless be its permanent resting-place. The museum at Rapperswyll was founded by Count Stanislaus Plater with such remains of his fortune as he was able to carry

with him into exile. It is in an ancient castle, once a seat of the Hapsburgs; overlooking the Lake of Zurich. There is in all the world no other such collection of mementos of a crushed and overborne nation. Its 80,000 volumes of books, its forest of war-worn banners, and thousands of other objects, present to the visitor a tangible record of six centuries of Polish national life. In the midst of them all stands a monument proclaiming in Polish, in Latin, in French and in German, that "The Spirit of Poland, not bent by the secular struggle, appeals, from the free soil of Switzerland, to the justice of God and of men." That is a fitting place for the heart of Kosciusko to rest in. It is also a shrine which lovers of liberty may profitably visit; especially Americans, with sentiments of gratitude to Kosciusko, of pity for Poland, and of hatred for all tyranny, of which Russian tyranny is the worst.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Equimaux do not use chairs or stools. The men sit like tailors with their legs crossed, while the women stretch out their limbs.

"Of course," said the practical girl, "there is such a thing as love at sight." "I'm glad to hear you say it," replied her romantic friend. "Yes—but I'd always advise getting it at least thirty days to settle, just the same."—Washington Star.

A doctor has discovered the curious fact that the skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains alcoholic vapor. A small opening in the skull soon after death permits it to escape, when it can be ignited, and burns with a bluish flame.—Popular Science News.

A twelvemonth ago, a Bavarian cattle dealer was kicked by a horse, with the result that he became dumb. A day or two ago he was riding a horse to its late in the knacker's yard when the animal began to plunge and kick. The man, taken by surprise, lost his head in the excitement, and after a few moments began to talk and completely regained language.

### CORN AS A FUEL.

Making all allowances for damages to the crop during August, the yield will probably aggregate at least 2,300,000,000 bushels. The largest previous yields were 2,060,154,000 bushels in 1891 and 2,112,892,000 bushels in 1889. Much has been heard lately of how greatly such a crop will enrich the farmer and country, but the more enthusiastic prophets have overlooked the question of price. It often happens, in proof of an old economic demonstration, that short crops will bring a larger aggregate money return than a big crop. The unprecedented corn yield of 1880 had a farm value much less than the short crop of 1890 or of 1892. The present enormous yield promises to have an aggregate value to the farmer no greater than that of 1889. The December option at Chicago is now down to about 27 cents a bushel, which is the level touched for that month in 1889.

Corn at 27 cents at Chicago means a price of only about 12 or 14 cents to the farmer in the central corn section of Kansas; and out away from the railroad centers it means a price that will pay the farmer better not to sell. Consequently a discussion has arisen as to the relative merits of corn and coal as fuel. Corn at 14 cents a bushel would cost less than \$4 a ton and hard coal in the region beyond the Missouri River will cost from \$6 to \$9 a ton. It is asserted that an equal weight of corn on the cob will yield more heat than coal, and it is besides cleaner to handle and almost smokeless. A prominent operator on the Chicago board of trade, says the Chicago Tribune, has offered a \$10,000 forfeit if he could not furnish corn for fuel to one of the elevated roads there at less cost than that of its coal supply. By actual test, says this man, it has been found that a ton of corn will yield 25 per cent. more heat than a ton of coal. And if he asks, corn could be used economically for fuel in Chicago, what is to be said of its superior economy in western Kansas and Nebraska?

So much for that side of the question. Inquiries made in the far-away corn sections, however, yield responses not as favorable to this kind of fuel. It is often burned by farmers in the interior, and yet experience does not increase its popularity and farmers prefer to sell corn at almost any price than burn it. For producing steam, says a Wichita (Kan.) cor-

respondent, corn is not at all feasible as a fuel. It burns out iron rapidly, as it produces intense heat. Even in stoves few of them in which corn is used as fuel. Last more than a season, firemen who have used corn say that it requires constant feeding to keep up that steady heat required for the making of steam. From various sections come reports that little or no corn has been used regularly for fuel except in extreme cases, although it is said there is no more pleasant fire to sit by than a corn fire. The manager of a packing plant at Wichita, however, says that if corn fell to 12 cents a bushel there (equivalent to 35 cents at Chicago) they will use it for fuel in their business, as it will be cheaper than coal.

It is now claimed that the roar of a waterfall is due to the explosion of hundreds of thousands of bubbles the impact of water against water is said to be a comparatively subordinate cause.

"No, Willy, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willy, "I can sleep on my back."—Harper's Round Table.

Maud—I tell you, Cousin Sophy's baby is a girl! Constance—And I tell you it's a boy! Algernon—Don't be stupid, both of you; nobody knows what it's going to be; it isn't christened yet.—The New Budget.

In Brooklyn, last week, Col. Ingersoll was scheduled to lecture. A cigar dealer posted a picture of the colonel on his window pane and offered a free cigar to any one naming the brand of cigars correctly portraying the colonel's future. When the guesses were opened, not one was correct. The answer was, "Robert Burns."—Printers Ink.

The female spider is always larger than the male, and, if accounts be true, is of a rather peppery disposition. When the husband becomes obstinate and will not obey orders, the loving wife eats him up to get rid of him, and seeks a more obedient spouse.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An electric smoking table is the latest fashion. It is lighted by electricity, provided with an electric cigar lighter, an electric bell, a silver lined cigar box, with a musical roller, a patent moisture, two ash trays, a cigar cutter, a tower clock, and an electric light-house thermometer, hydrometer and barometer.